

DRAMATIC CLUB MAKES DEBUT WITH TWO ONE-ACT PLAYS

Sophanes Players Present The
"Rising of the Moon" and
"The Travellers"

The newly organized dramatic club of Salisbury Normal School opened its season Thursday evening, February 22, with the presentation of two one-act plays. The club is known as the Sophanes Players; the name is derived from the combination of the names Sophocles and Aristophanes.

The first play of the evening was the "Rising of the Moon" by the Irish playwright, Lady Gregory. It deals with the conditions existing between the peasants and the police during the Fenian period in Irish history. The play is in Irish accent and is a subtle comedy. Mrs. Lucy W. Bennett, Librarian and English instructor, acted as director. An all male cast consisted of:

Samuel Sherwell, the Sergeant.
Myron Mezick, the man.
Samuel Carey, a policeman.
Edwin Mitchell, another policeman.
Norris D. Bachtell acted as stage manager for this production.

Following the "Rising of the Moon" came Booth Tarkington's one-act comedy, "The Travellers" under the direction of Miss Dorothy Mitchell. The latter play cleverly portrays the trials and tribulations of the average American tourist family in out-of-the-way places in Europe. At various times during the performance, the principal characters found themselves the victims of imaginary horrors. Those who composed the dramatis personae of "The Travellers" were:

Harriet Burns, Mrs. Roberts.
Mabel Dickey, Jessie.
George Spence, Mr. Roberts.
Salome Somers, Mrs. Slidell.
Raymond Dixon, Freddie Slidell.
Samuel Carey, La Sere.
Norris Bachtell, Le Chauffeur.
Helen Caulk, Luigi.
Emily Givans, Maria.
Imogene Caruthers, Salvatore.
Frances Robinson, Another Italian.
Eunice Lee Harcum of the junior class acted as property manager.

DORCHESTER ALUMNI HOLD MEETING, FEBRUARY 17

Mr. Charles J. Koch Addresses
Group On "Correlation"

The Dorchester Chapter of the Salisbury Normal School Alumni Association held its fifth annual banquet in the dining hall Saturday evening, February 17. The faculty members and the student body met with the alumni and were invited to attend the meeting given immediately after the dinner.

Dr. W. J. Holloway delivered the address of welcome to which Miss Maude Eskridge, Dorchester County President, responded.

As chairman of the program committee, Miss Mary Ann Bradley, of Cambridge, presented two members of the faculty of Hurlock High School, one of whom was Miss Mildred Covey, pianist. Miss Helen Warren gave several readings.

Mr. Charles J. Koch, instructor in Cambridge High School, and former superintendent of Baltimore City Schools, gave a delightful talk later

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BAGLEANS PRESENT LOVERS OF NATIONS IN PROGRAM

Tuesday, February 13, the Baglean Society took charge of the assembly. In honor of St. Valentine, the program brought to view the lovers of various nations. Ireland, Spain, and modern America were a few of those represented. Then the spirit of the younger years appeared and performed a ballet dance of marvelous simplicity and beauty. After the playlet, Doctor Holloway, Miss Ruth and the Carnean President, Miss Caruthers, were presented with Valentines.

JUNIORS GIVE CURRENT EVENTS PROGRAM

Taking over the assembly program the Junior class on January 23, presented an interesting and varied entertainment on current topics of the day. The program, a direct outgrowth of the history course, conducted by Mrs. Ida Belle Wilson Thomas, was organized by the class under the chairmanship of Miss Virginia Haddaway.

President Roosevelt's life and his work in the new deal were the basis of the program which took the form of various episodes depicting his early life and his administration as president.

DR. HUMPHREYS CONTRASTS WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN

February the twentieth brought to our assembly program, Dr. G. W. Humphreys, minister of the Asbury Methodist Episcopal Church. He gave us a very interesting discourse on the contrasts between our two great Presidents, Washington and Lincoln. A brilliant talker, he clearly proved his points, with many an amusing anecdote.

SHALL WE TRY IT?

"The best goods comes wrapped in the smallest packages." Does this often repeated saying apply to education as well as to tangible goods? If the schedule which has been proposed for next year is carried out, it will help to prove whether the answer to this important question is "Yes" or "No".

A seven-months school year seems, at first mention, much shorter than a nine-months year, but consider the proposed change in the hours spent in class each week and one sees another point of view. By having a six-day week instead of a five-day week, the school will be open the required number of days a year, and the courses as outlined will be completed.

The adoption of the six day week, then, will not necessitate the sacrificing of present advantages, but it seems to offer new ones. Working for a longer period each week will receive compensation in the longer mid-winter vacation. School on Saturday will not ruin a whole week-end when school is dismissed at noon. Valuable minutes and hours that are wasted by many on Saturdays may be turned into days and even weeks of profit during the long winter vacation. Work is easier to find in winter during the Christmas rush than it is in the summer, for then many college students hasten to apply for every position which is open. The minds and bodies of the students should be refreshed and ready for more serious work after the weeks of rest—rest at a time when most needed. Usually there is much illness during January, for vitality seems low at that time.

The foremost advantage which the taxpayers will gain is apparent when the reduction in expenses is considered. In fact, the taxpayers are already deriving benefits from our reduced budget; they have forced drastic economy, plus. We must do something to keep our standard of work on its present high level. January and February require more fuel and more light than other months because of the cold, short, winter days. There is more expense in the infirmary than at any other time. Then, too, wages paid to daily laborers about the school and grounds will be saved during those weeks.

There are, however, reasons for opposing the above viewpoint. Will the taxpayers understand that the students are spending just as much time in class as previously? Will the long period of rest between terms result in the loss of knowledge which has been acquired during the first term? Will it cause loss of interest in school activities?

Are the favorable points important enough to outweigh these objections? Certainly any plan which has so many advantages would make a worthwhile experiment, and any noble experiment is worth trying by one who needs some solution to its vital problems.

NORMAL SCHOOL PLANS PAGEANT TO CELEBRATE BIRTHDAY OF STATE

"Maryland: Pages from Her History"
Is Title of Pageant
Given in March

The Maryland State Normal School will celebrate the three hundredth birthday of the State with the production of a pageant, "Maryland: Pages From Her History", which will be given on March twenty-sixth and seventh.

The pageant will be made up of six episodes, a prologue and an epilogue. The speaking parts will be taken by the following characters: Historian Ellen Greig King Charles Edwin Mitchell Leonard Calvert Emily Turner Father White Josephine Devine Giles Brent Helen Caulk Margaret Brent Julia Lake Waller Governor Green Roberta Tyler George Fox Dorothy Dickerson Francis Makemie Edwina Heatwole Francis Asbury Sara Collins Anthony Stewart Samuel Sherwell Joshua Thomas George Spence Francis Scott Key Myron Mezick Maryland Doris Jones

Each episode is under the direction of a member of the faculty.

Episode I—Miss Parker and Miss Dixon.

Episode II—Miss Matthews.
Episode III—Miss Riall and Mrs. Holland.

Episode IV—Miss Mitchell.
Episode V—Miss Harwood.
Episode VI—Mrs. Bennett.
Costumes—Miss Powell.
Scenery—Mr. Richardson.
Orchestra—Mr. Caruthers, Mr. Maggs.

FINE ARTS DEPARTMENT PRESENTS PROGRAM

The assembly program on February 6th, was one of a rather unusual nature. It was presented by the Senior Fine Arts Appreciation Classes under the sponsorship of the instructor, Miss Dorothy E. Mitchell. The feature of the afternoon was the dramatization of some famous paintings. The pictures portrayed were:

Pinkie—Lawrence—Frances Larimer.

Portrait of the Artist's Mother—Whistler—Margaret Tilghman.

The Sower—Millet—Alta Nuce.

A Senorita from Seville—Genth—Doris Jones.

The Sailor and His Sweetheart—Milchers—Lucille Miller and Amanda Ebling.

Autumn—Ufer—Josephine Devine and Louise Langrell.

Hope—Watts—Virginia Dodd.

Washington's Farewell to His Mother—Ferris—Martita Lilliston and Imogene Caruthers.

The committee responsible for the program consisted of Martita Lilliston, Emily Turner, Nellie Nordwall, Alta Nuce, Julia Lake Waller, and Lucille Miller. The music, which added to the beauty of the pictures, was furnished by Betty Ruark at the piano and Myron Mezick, violinist.

By request the dramatization will be repeated before the Woman's Club of Salisbury on March 6, 1934.

BAGLEANS TAKE CONTEST WITH FINAL SCORE 33-11

Inter-Society Basketball Game
Enthusiastic and Hard Fought

It was Pep who bowed low to Mickey in an intense basketball struggle last Wednesday evening when the Carnean and Baglean Literary Societies engaged in their annual court contest. Leading with a score of 18 to 4, the Bagleans came out of the first half, while the second stage of the battle gave them a decided victory with a 32 to 11 score, the Carneans in the second half having rolled up seven more points.

The initial line-up for both sides follows:

Bagleans		Carneans
Devine, J.	c.	Howard, H.
Stewart, M.	s. c.	Gannon, C.
Cissel, A.	r. f.	Medford, R.
Jones, D.	l. f.	Bradford, T.
Langrell, L.	r. g.	Gross, H.
Givans, E.	l. g.	Turner, E.

The Bagleans made no substitutions, while the Carneans made the following exchanges:

Second Quarter: Keese, sent in for Turner.

Third Quarter: Henderson for Howard; Caruthers for Henderson in latter part of quarter; Dickey for Gannon; Turner for Keese.

Fourth Quarter: Coulby for Medford; Ebling for Turner.

The captains for the Baglean and Carnean teams, respectively, were Doris Jones and Rebecca Medford, while George Spence and Roberta Tyler acted as Managers for the separate sides. Miss Helen L. Jarmart acted as referee.

The enthusiasts on both sides of the bleachers were led in cheers by Samuel Carey and Mary Huff of the Carneans and Catherine Lusby and Frances Larimer of the Bagleans. Stunts appropriate to the spirit of the occasion were performed prior to the contest.

NEW CALENDAR FOR SIX DAY SCHOOL WEEK UNDER DISCUSSION

Schedule Would Provide For
Two Months Vacation
During Winter

A new calendar providing for a six-day school week and a two months' vacation, has been tentatively arranged and suggested for discussion by the principal, Dr. W. J. Holloway. This schedule provides for school to be in session the total number of days required by law. While this proposal seems revolutionary, its adoption would seem to have the tremendous advantage of curtailing expenses. A reduction in some way is almost essential to meet our sliced-to-the-bone budget.

On account of low temperatures, short days and long nights, much more fuel and electricity are consumed during these winter months than during any other period of similar length in the year. Thus it is estimated that several hundred dollars in maintenance cost would be saved by closing the school for about six weeks longer than usual during the winter.

Under such arrangement the first semester would begin next September 1st. A schedule of five whole-day sessions and a Saturday session closing at noon would complete the ninety required days and bring the first semester to a close on December 21. School will then close for the Christmas holidays, reopening for the second semester February 21. Again following the six-day week, the year's work would end June 10, the same date provided in the usual calendar of five-day sessions.

Under another possible plan, the second semester would begin March 1 and close June 18.

These plans would have very little effect on the summer vacation, since under the former plan school would open September 10 and with the usual provision for holidays close with commencement June 10.

INTER-SOCIETY DEBATE QUESTION ANNOUNCED

Resolved: That Congress Should Enact Legislation Providing for the Centralized Control of Industry", shall be the question under discussion for the inter-society debate to be held on April 19, as announced by the Carnean and Baglean presidents, this past week. Each side of the question will be upheld by three members from each society, both groups acting as official debating teams for the literary organizations. To date the Bagleans and Carneans have given no statement as to which side of the question their teams will represent. It is expected, however, by those students having heard the debates of previous years that such an appropriate and significant problem will afford an interesting contest event between the followers of Pep and Mickey, respectively.

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The Holly Leaf



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MARCH, 1934

"HOW SHARPER THAN A SERPENT'S TOOTH—"

To every individual there comes a time when he, and he alone, must decide how the current of his life shall flow. Careful guidance, friendly counsel of early years may form a background for his decision but it is entirely up to him what he makes of his life, and the lives of those who touch him.

Few of those who were present at the executive session of the assembly body at the end of the first term missed the real significance of the assembly.

Truly might it be said, "A school is its student body." What the student body is, the school will be. And, by the process of logic, the morale of the student body is really the morale of the student. It is the student then, faced with the necessity of making decisions about his conduct and his life, who determines the status of his school.

How do these personal factors affect the school of his choice? Like all other public institutions, educational centers are the prey of malicious tongues that seize at the least detail to publicly denounce it. To one who truly loves his school there is but one clear course, individual opinions must be submerged when they hurt the school. Voluntarily he chose to come here, voluntarily he should uphold its ideals.

What school is better than Salisbury Normal School? What executive staff deserves more loyal and conscientious support than our own? What student body is more capable of adding to the prestige and honor of Salisbury Normal School.

The answer? None! For on us that we have to be reminded of it! Shall it happen again? No!

"UNITED IN THE BONDS OF LOVE AND SERVICE"

"United we stand; divided we fall." Which clause bespeaks the life in our school? Surely it cannot be the latter part, for the two organizations that make up the student body of Salisbury Normal School would seriously resent any such statement or situation in this school, this home, this place we choose to call "our own."

In the past, several trivial, yet important events have attracted the attention and (some day!) insulted the dignity of the Day Students. One must justify them in their sturdy convictions when one realizes their right to be recognized as co-workers with their fellow dormitory students in the educational, and social functions of the school. That is true largely because those young men and women spend a greater part (seven to nine hours daily) of their active life in the school. It is indeed unfortunate that such misunderstandings as those that have occurred in the past should make even a small rift between the two groups in curricular, extra-curricular, and social activities of the school.

And as we say "prosperity is just around the corner" so we should be able to say that the misunderstood distinction between home and day students "has rounded the corner" and such a feeling no longer exists; and that we are cooperating in an inseparable group that shall stand forever because it is united in the ties of love and service.

"JUST A TRADITION!"

"But I went to church this morning." Perhaps you did, but that is no excuse for not going to our Vesper services. This little informal gathering is the only one of its type that we sponsor in our college, and it lasts but for one half hour on but one day of our seven. Surely in our hurry and bustle and strain of every day life we can appropriate thirty minutes to the One who gives us strength, and cares for us during that hustle, bustle and strain! Beside the worshipful attitude is it not an opportunity to take time and think of the blessedness that we are in a circle of mutual aspirations, interests and hopes? Besides, it is a "Tradition" to attend the Vesper service and what is a school without traditions? It is just a "school"—and we—we go to college, do we not?

POINTS OF VIEW

Dear Editor:

The wave of vandalism that has swept so rudely over all objects, movable, in the social room, has got to be diked out. The Goths and the Norsemen have come down from the frozen North, devastating as they go. But our Rome is more than a hollow shell waiting to be crushed in the impact. It is exquisitely sound, and resistant in its beauty. It cannot stomach such insults as it has had during the past few weeks. And believe me, Dear Editor, it will not, so long as those who dwell in Rome stand to their chariots. True, most of us have witnessed this desecration of our living quarters with heartfelt obloquy, but there are, apparently, some of us who are indifferent to the fact that it must be kept beautiful at all costs to our juvenile cravings.

As to suggestions for a preventative that would make maciulous and accidental treatment of our living room impossible . . . well, there just isn't one. At least, not when one considers that the life of something materially beautiful depends not on its creators but on those who see it everyday. Why, it were better to dispense with our German Soldier and his companion piece, The Bugler, than to have to hang warning signs on each of their legs; it were better to replace the long cool lamps with bayberry lights than to install formidable loudspeakers in each beau corner to sound out clearly: Use no hooks.

Facetious or not, Dear Editor, it is a challenge to all of us in this institution to live up to unexcelled standards of beauty.

Signed,
An irate admirer of our little Bugler.

Dear Editor:

Don't you know I've heard the queerest things? The worst of my story is this: that there is an unusual amount of friction between the day and resident students. I've even heard that the faculty is wondering what the matter is, and I can hardly walk down the hall without being confronted with the question "What's the matter with you Day Students?" However, it's really a serious proposition for it's a fact that two thirds of both organizations can give a reason for such a distinction.

Listen, Editor, something ought to be done because I can name several, even many "dorm" girls who are very good friends of mine and yours. I think everyone else must be looking for trouble from us day students even when we do not think of such a silly thing, and no matter how grieved or overjoyed we look in and out of classes we are mistaken for being "snobbish." We really don't intend to be, you see. Is there any way we could let others know how we feel toward the house students?

Oh, I've an idea! Should we "forgive and forget," live and let live, be to classes on time, mingle with and delight in association with all the house students, stop thinking out loud, accept a little responsibility in extra-curricular as well as curricular activities? Oh! you're right that list is too much like a set of New Year's resolutions never put in practice. Did you say we should "live and serve"? I agree with you. Thanks for the slogan. I trust it will become daily practice.

A Sympathetic Day Student.

Dear Editor:

Take this for what it's worth, but I wish to express my opinion of rural teaching after having taught for six weeks.

To understand rural boys and girls, one should teach in a country school. A good foundation for success.

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STICKERS

Let it be known to all ye who would come of age some day that the word practice as used in PRACTICE TEACHING does not mean a rehearsal in pedagogy. No, man, it's the real thing. Only you practice doing it over and over again. Is that clear? Latest reports have it that where the Mt. Herman, Shadpoint, and so forth, breezes blow, the temperature has warmed up to 64. But then, we all know what a radiating influence professional energy has. Tsk. And when we think of that young person taking rural teaching as an elective, well, we're overwhelmed! (In the editorial column we would be gratified.)

Mr. Codfish's eyes are soulful enough. But they would have been even more soulful if he had but been here the other day to experience the evidences of his immortality. That is, if immortality can be characterized by volatile emanation. A fish's can, I guess. Anyway, whew, what an odor! The residents and workers of the North Administration wing are hoping for a bigger and better accomplishment next week. But puh-leeze, if it's to be an odoriferous memorial make it of new design. Maybe hair tonic.

Our poor little bugler with his pink-lined cape thrown Lafayette-like over his shoulder, and his buff leggings buttoned up trimly . . . he needs his home at a time like this. . . One might suppose that the only way to establish immunity against vandalism in the social room would be to wire electrically (uninsulated wires at that) all things moveable. Huh, would we like to see the victim's face if he were to pick up the ornamental box on one of the little tables. Indeed, how shocking! But the trouble with a wiring system, is that it would be tedious to wire all the countless straight pins to be used in lacerating lamp shades. (Note the alliteration.) Then too, there's always the problem of trying to charge lead pencils to be used in separating the wires of the screen door. Ah, the physicist answers: charge the screen door. Mmmm . . . that's deep.

"Gee, the new cars are sure smooth!" Yes, technically speaking they certainly have uninterrupted surfaces. But we wonder whether or not the stude who made such a remark has ever had much experience as a pedestrian . . . (You know, one who walks with his feet. Remember?) . . . because with such elliptical tendencies, how can a poor pedestrian tell when to jump with both ends of those formidable vehicles identical in contour? He just doesn't, that's the point. But then I reckon you could stretch a point and say the things are getting back to nature . . . that is, they look like bugs. But don't get me mixed, their proportions are far from buggy-like even at that. (Wow, what wit!)

A CHALLENGE

I shall face Death in a red dress
And trail my flaming skirts
And laughing,
Kick its ruffled flimsiness about me.

I shall face Death in a crimson cape
And swing its gleaming folds
And mocking
Admire its fiery fastening at my throat.

And if, perchance, Death dares
to draw too near,
But bind its scarlet loveliness
close to my hips
And flinging back my head,
let fall no tear
But smile at Death through gay
vermillion lips.

Betty Ruark.

ANOTHER BOOK

SAPPHO OF LESBOS

BY

ARTHUR WEIGALL

New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

1933

FOURTH EDITION

The first attempt to bring the age of the Lesbian Sappho into a focus comes in the form of Arthur Weigall's biographical history entitled Sappho of Lesbos. What is more, biographies of Sappho have never before been written in the accurate detail in which this one is styled. A foremost modern scholar, Weigall has based his every statement on authentic history and literature, has banked his many anecdotes with footnotes—usable ones at that. No doubt the most startling fact about this biography, would be that it contains, in libris, every known fragment of the silver-sung Sappho's works.

Even though Weigall digresses from the lyrical life to give the reader a view of her contemporaries, he still finds ample time to describe her unusual childhood in Mitylene, her exile at twenty because of political upsets, her bizarre reputation, her success as a social and intellectual leader when still a young woman, her devoted heteraeae, her love for the bewildered Phaon, and, as the acme of wilderness, her dramatic suicide of the Leucadian Promontory. The fact is, the author is able to present more of her life wholly because he has painted a background for it with the personages in Sappho's own city and province. It becomes a literary welding before our eyes.

It is as though we were looking over Mr. Weigall's shoulder as he writes, when we are reading his appraisals of Sappho. He sees her as something rare and tender, amid an irresolute society, yet destined to the ages simply because the things she did are to be ranked amongst mankind's greatest achievements. Mr. Weigall sees that as he writes. And so do we. Because he uncovers his manuscript for us, helping us to think with him as he goes, he never lets his own feelings run rampant before our eyes. (Ah, he must have been a teacher!) The chief thing we like about him is the ability he has of studying with unbelievable candor the circumstances that caused the course of Sappho's life.

Weigall slights us not a mite on humor either. In discussing the philosopher Satyros, he likens him to Pittakos, and we read:

"Like Pittakos he had a poor opinion of his fellow men, and used to say: 'Most men are bad.' Once during a storm, the passengers who were with him on the rolling ship began to pray aloud to the gods. Whereupon, he exclaimed 'For heaven's sake, keep quiet! Or they will find out you are on board!'"

We shall find, however, that even so cool a biographer as Weigall, cannot help falling to disguise what he feels at Sappho's thought, finely chiseled—if thought can be that fleeting and stable in a breath—as opposed to the less elevated attitudes prevalent during that age. Else, why would he dote on such of her similes as: "More delicate than water . . . daintier than rosebuds," or such of her fragments as: "But I love delicate living, and for me richness and beauty belong to the desire of the sunlight." Yes, it answers itself immediately when we see that the author has sensed the romantic twinkle of history that must have been with Sappho's soul. For he is wont to close his book with the poetess' own outbursts: "Yet I have received true happiness from the golden Muses, and when I die, I shall not be forgotten . . ."

IY SEE.

ON AND OFF THE CAMPUS

There seems to be little doing these days except practice teaching, at least by the weary, worn, wrinkled seniors. The Under Classmen are becoming tired of hearing about the trials of novice teachers; however, every dog has his day, even you underclassmen.

Dr. and Mrs. William J. Holloway, Miss Anne Matthews and Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Caruthers were present at a party given by Miss Imogene Caruthers—one of the daily dozen—for the twelve practice teachers who have finished their rural teaching. They can vouch for the light hearted fun had and the food consumed by the future leaders of the youth of this land. All of the weight lost those six weeks was gained back in this one night of weakness.

Miss Betty Holloway, daughter of Dr. W. J. Holloway, returned to New York, February 6, to resume work in the Household Arts Department of Teachers College at Columbia University. She is staying at Whittier Hall.

The Dramatic Club invites all students to attend an informal dance on March 9. The success the other organizations have had with their attempts has encouraged the Dramatic Club. This is the first time this group has given a dance and it is depending on the student body to make it a huge success.

MY DAYDREAMS

Some folks delight in calling it
A perfect waste of time;
And some insist on thinking it
Just one more sin of mine—
My daydreams.

And so I'm sure they've never
In all their crowded day,
One moment they may ever
Give their souls a chance to say,
"I'll daydream."

For its the one prescription
With which none may compare,
For dooming to perdition
Misfortune everywhere—
One daydream.

So regardless of their censure,
Each day of mine shall hold
Sometime assigned to pleasure,
In which my thoughts shall mold
A daydream.

C. DeW.

THE JUNIOR'S SOCIAL EVENING

The star social event of the junior class expressed itself in the form of a dance Friday night, February 9. While a cold northwest wind whistled outside, the gymnasium was the scene of gay festivity. The high laurel covered garden walls, with rambling roses of red and white (the class colors) added a charm of English splendor. An old colonial grape arbor laden with its autumn treasures and supported by huge white columns adorned the east side of the room. Directly opposite it sat the Penninsuler Orchestra on a float of rose and laurel.

The receiving line greeted the guests as they entered the social room. Heading the receiving line was Miss Amanda Ebling, president of the junior class. At her right stood Dr. William J. Holloway and next him in line Miss Virginia C. Harwood, the junior class adviser, and the three other class officers—Miss Virginia Haddaway, Miss Ruth Todd, and Miss Eunice Lee Harcum.

At eleven o'clock a short intermission broke the harmonious and social dancing. The gay couples fled into the dining hall for refreshments of mousse, coffee, cake and punch.

As the clock struck 12, the chimes played the hour, and the orchestra played, "Good Night, Sweetheart." The curtain fell on the scene of the eventful junior dance.



THE HOLLY LEAFLET

PUBLISHED BY NORMAL ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

FIRST AND SECOND GRADE NOTES

A Winter Tree

The maple is still here but all its leaves are gone. Winter has come and the snow is on the tree's limbs. The sap has gone to sleep. Its buds are waiting for the warm wind to wake the sap.

Ellin North Early, Grade 2

A Wise Rabbit

Once a rabbit was going for a walk. He saw a snake. He hopped and hopped. He went into his burrow. The snake went down after him but the rabbit went out the back door. He was safe.

Edward Francis Holloway, Grade 2

Little Rabbit

Once upon a time there was a little rabbit. He heard a noise. He thought he would go up to see what it was. He saw a fox. The fox started after him. The rabbit ran down into his burrow. The fox went home. He didn't have any dinner.

Betty Ann White, Grade 1

The Song Sparrow

The song sparrow sat in the tree and sang his song. O, but it was sweet. I sat down and sang with him. Soon my mother called me to come in for dinner. All night I dreamed about his sweet song.

Irma Jean Holland, Grade 2

The Maple Tree

Once there was a maple tree that was very lonely. One day six boys came to the tree and said, "This will make some maple syrup." So they bored a hole in the tree. Then they put a spout in it. Then they put a bucket under the spout. The sap dropped out of the tree. Soon the bucket was full. Then they took it home and boiled it. They had much fun eating the syrup and sugar.

Daniel Ward, Grade 2

THIRD AND FOURTH GRADE NOTES

The Sun

The sun is very important to us. If there were no sun we would not have any light, and it would be dark all the time. People who travel look at the sun as a means of direction. If it did not shine, our food and vegetables would not grow and we would have nothing to eat. It is composed of burning gases. But since it is ninety-three million miles from the earth, the heat is not so severe to us. It would be impossible for us to live without the sun.

Anne Holt, Grade 4

POINTS OF VIEW

(Continued from Page 2, Col. 2)
cessful teachers is to teach sometime in a rural school.

I'll admit, during the winter time you don't get heat by turning a knob as you do in a town school; but, remember that all of us haven't lived in a heated home all our lives. Many things you are deprived of and many things can be substituted and used in other ways.

We all know that teaching is a profession that continually grows. What is more thrilling than when a little snaggle-tooth lad asks you if he may go to the library table after he finishes his seatwork! Everyday, the teacher learns and understands more about children besides the knowledge she receives from teaching them.

I enjoyed my practice teaching immensely. My first peep inside a country school was when I started my rural teaching. So you see I was not reared in the country. Again I

The Origin of the Moon

There are many theories of how the moon came to be. One of them is that the earth was shaped like a pear and due to its rotation the top fell off and became a separate body in the heavens. It has no light of its own but reflects that of the sun. It is a dead body because no plants, animals or people can live there due to the lack of air and water. It is also very hot on one side and extremely cold on the other side. Scientists are finding out more facts about it all the time.

Oriand Langrall, Grade 3

The Stars

Stars are wonderful things to me. Long ago the people almost worshipped the stars because they knew very little about them. Stars are divided into certain groups. Some of them are known as the Big Dipper and The Bear. These groupings are called constellations. All of these stars are suns which rise and set as do the sun and moon. They seem to travel around the North Star but they remain in the same position to one another. The ancient people found that at different seasons there were different stars. These people must have observed very closely to have found out as many facts as they did about the stars.

Betty McBrierty, Grade 4

Thomas A. Edison

In the town of Milan, Ohio, February eleventh, 1847, was born a boy, who was later destined to become one of the greatest inventors of all times. This boy Thomas was the busiest, happiest, most interested boy in the village. "Little Sober-sides" as his mother called him, delighted in going down to the docks, studying books, and reading. He once attempted to read every book in a public library, but soon gave this up. One of Thomas' first jobs was on a train, but soon after this he started to learn telegraphy. His first successful invention netted him \$40,000 with which he built a well stocked laboratory. Giving his entire time to inventing he gave to the world electric lights, phonographs, stock quoting machines, and other inventions. Edison was always hard of hearing because of an accident. On October eighteenth, 1931, electric lights were dimmed as American people mourned the passing of this great inventor, Thomas Edison.

Audrey Stewart, Grade 7

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor Mary Louise Long
Asst. Editor Audrey Stewart
Reporter for Grade 7 Billy Gavin
Reporters for Grade 6
Huston Smith and Betty Duncan
Reporter for Grade 5 Eloise Morris

FIFTH AND SIXTH GRADE NOTES

Stepmother's Tomboy

About the year 1885 in a small Virginia village there lived a man by the name of James Gray. Mr. Gray had been married twice, the second time recently.

In his family there were two children, Andrew, nine, and Susie, eleven. Andrew was a very quiet and refined little fellow who was fond of books. Susie was a dark-haired girl with brown, mischief loving eyes.

The next day was Friday and there was to be a wedding dinner at the home of the bride's uncle who lived in the next town, about two miles away. Susie had visited the home once and had always wanted to go again because of its beautiful riding horses and the grand trees to climb if no one was looking.

The day of the dinner came. It was a warm sunny morning in April. The party was to leave at half past eleven. Susie begged her father to let her go but it did no good. From a tree nearby which she had climbed, she could hear her father giving orders to the old negro servants to hitch Dobbin to the buggy. Soon she saw her father and new mother come out of the house. It wasn't long until they drove away.

The riding was not very comfortable. There was a great deal of bumping and jostling over the country roads.

The conversation rambled on about the weather, town gossip, and the children. Soon Mr. Gray noticed his wife looking at him. In a few minutes she said, "James, something must be done about Susie. She is the biggest tom-boy I have ever seen and she doesn't have any manners."

By this time they had reached the place where the dinner was to be held. By the time they had reached the gate they turned around and the gate should they see but a tousle-headed, crumpled up, dirty-faced little girl step out of the foot of the buggy. Still, with all her disorder she had a grin on her face that would make any stern parent take pity.

Mary Anne Bloxom, Grade 6

THE COFFEE POT

Through the dismal, dreary fog, a beam of light shot out from the window of a low setting building. Approaching it along the narrow crooked street, one could look in, and see through the haze of smoke inside, as thick as the fog outside, the small wooden tables, the large wooden bar, and the numerous patrons of the "Kings Coffee Pot."

A little farther on, one would come to the heavy wooden door, with its ponderous wrought iron latch, and its well worn step. Pushing back the ponderous door, with many a squeak and a groan, one found oneself standing on a small wooden balcony with a flight of stairs leading down to where white aproned waiters scurried back and forth carrying pots of steaming hot coffee, and large tankards of ale.

At all the tables sat men, with loosened raiment holding long stemmed, clay pipes, sipping their coffee

SIXTH AND SEVENTH GRADE NOTES

Kit Carson

Kit was born in Madison County, Kentucky, on Christmas Eve, 1809. When he was a year old, his family started westward in a covered wagon. Carson grew up receiving but a smatter of books. He was taught to shoot a rifle, ride a horse, and fight. A few years later he would be the one to shoot the buffalo, which was the main meat then. After a short time he was employed in making saddles. It was said he ran away and joined a wagon train taking supplies to Santa Fe. While trapping one day, he met an old man. They trapped and lived together all winter. In the summer he joined a band of men who were to fight the Indians. One night while walking he was attacked by two bears. In the excitement he dropped his gun. He climbed a tree and would hit at the bears with a dead limb, when they tried to climb the tree.

Later he became Lieutenant and then General. After that he was appointed Indian agent and when the Indians started to steal, he helped to move them to a reservation. At Fort Lyon, Colorado, at the age of 59, May 23, 1868, he passed away.

Huston Smith, Grade 6.

Traveler

Traveler was of Gray Eagle stock and was born near Blue Sulphur Springs, now in West Virginia, April 1857. He was a beautiful iron-gray colt as fiery and high-spirited as a colt as ever ran wild in the Virginia Mountains. He soon became fleet of foot for he had come from racing stock and descended from a famous horse called Gray Eagle. As a colt he won first prize in Greenbrier County Fair; he was thought of as most beautiful and perfect of horses. He was sixteen hands high and weighed eleven hundred and fifty pounds and was unusually strong. His walk was springy and he had a bold carriage, holding his head well up. He was very gentle, but was also very brave. Some said that Traveler, when General Lee rode him, always stepped as though he bore a king. The gray horse carried Lee to Richmond after the surrender and remained with him the rest of his life. In General Lee's last days his doctor would cheer him up by saying, "Traveler needs exercise. You must hurry and get well and ride him." When General Lee died Traveler walked in his funeral procession.

As long as Traveler lived he was cared for as tenderly as a child.

Mary Louise Long, Grade 7.

fee and talking over the events of the day. Behind the polished bar at the back of the room stood the proprietor.

Through the hubbub, through the haze, by the wooden tables and the great oaken door, one could tell, that one had found the political center of eighteenth century England. Over one's food and drink, by the yellow light of the great lantern, one could see the great men, those who made laws, and edited newspapers, in the act of making or reshaping history.

SUNSET

Gray dawn
Cannot compare
With God's most lovely
Sunset.
A sky of tinted blue—
With faded green
And even red beset.
On such a night as this
I think of you—
Radiant and beaming.

Ellen Greig.

CHIRPS FROM S. N. S.

Well, After All . . .

The Sophanes Players were tense with eagerness as they watched Mrs. R. mount the stage. They were anticipating the long wanted demonstration on the principles of make-up. Ah, yes, it was about to begin. Mrs. R. stood poised in the center of the stage, towel in hand, ready to commence. Yes, she was going to start, and, opening her mouth she said: "Does anyone know where the make-up is?"

Izzatso? Well, I didn't . . .

First Athlete—How come you and I both wear our letters on the same day?

Second Student—Well, I reckon it's because we've both got them sewed on our sweaters.

Junior—Whoopee, I'm a night owl!

Frosh—That explains why you're a little Cuckoo.

A Little Buggy

Nert—Wonder why they make those new cars just alike at both ends?

Nertissimo—Oh, that's if hit-and-run drivers wanta go backward.

W. H. P. H. Jones!

Escort—When will they play The Last Round Up?

Junior—After You're Gonna Lose Your Gal.

JUNIORS ENTERTAIN

WITH PUPPET SHOWS

A series of puppet shows was presented recently in the Little Theatre by the Junior Industrial Arts class. Familiar fairy tales were used for the dramatizations. The class was divided into five committees, each of which made the theater, properties, and puppets for its particular shows. The stories which were dramatized and the chairmen of the committees were as follows:

Hansel and Gretel—Salome Somers.

Snow White and Rose Red—Madeline Hoisey.

The Real Princess—Louise Parker.
Little Red Riding Hood—Frances Robinson.

Toads and Diamonds—Elizabeth McMahon.

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OUR HISTORIC MARYLAND

Mistress Margaret Brent

Mistress Margaret Brent, one of the outstanding women of Colonial Days, was ambitious, courageous, and lovely.

Four years after the first settlement of Maryland, she, her sister, and two brothers came to this country and made their abode on a plot of land near Saint Mary's City. As time went on, they acquired more land, sent to England for seeds and farming implements, and for servants to till the soil. Cultivation of land was only one of Mrs. Brent's many

SPELLING SUSPENSE:
SU-SP-EN-SE

The scheduled date for the written spelling contest, February 6, found both Mickey and Pep in their respective places in the auditorium. It was doubtful to know which was more confident of carrying off the victory of the day. The members of both societies found their designated places. The honor system (one seat apart) was much in evidence. Dr. Holloway dictated fifty words, most of which were found on our spelling sheets. Typed sheets containing many misspelled words were given out to test the ability of the students in recognizing incorrect spelling.

It was interesting to note the remarks of some of the students after the contest was over. Many of them followed this line, "How many words did you mark wrong on your sheets?" Many groans were heard when the number incorrectly spelled was given.

The results of this contest will not be known until the final publication of the "Holly Leaf" in June.

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interests and ambitions. She became well versed in English law. When Governor Calvert died she was made executrix of his estate. Many believe that she became governor of the state in fact if not in name. It is hinted that Calvert would have made a better arrangement if he had made Thomas Green, whom he appointed governor, executor and put Mistress Brent in his stead.

Mistress Brent was courageous. Lucretia Mott and Elizabeth Stanton pleaded the cause for women about two hundred years after the first settlement of Maryland, but Mistress Brent became "the first woman suffragist" fourteen years after the landing of the "Ark" and "Dove." In 1648, she appeared before the General Assembly of Maryland and stated that as a land owner and executrix, she was entitled to vote and have a voice in government. She melted the hearts of her hearers and would have won her cause if it had not been for the refusal of Governor Greene.

Mistress Brent was lovely. She was beautiful and fair. All men liked and admired her. It was said that there was not an eligible man in Maryland, who would not have offered her his heart, his hand, or his worldly possessions. Governor Calvert was no exception. Nevertheless, she remained single. Mistress was attached to her name because the term was applied in those days as a mark of respect.

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ATHLETIC NOTES

With the basketball season in full swing, our two teams have an impressive list of victories to show. The girls' team is still undefeated, and the boys have lost only one game. The scores for our last games are as follows:

January 24: Pocomoke Girls, 19; S. N. S. Girls, 23. Pocomoke Boys, 45; S. N. S. Boys, 24.

January 25: Vienna Girls, 16; S. N. S. Girls, 33; Vienna Boys, 13; S. N. S. Boys, 41.

January 31: Cambridge Boys, 24; S. N. S. Boys, 31.

February 9: New Church Girls, 8; S. N. S. Girls, 25; New Church Boys, 23; S. N. S. Boys, 42.

Were you at the A. A. informal? If you weren't you certainly missed a good time. There was a goodly attendance, and those who were absent were not missed. Everyone had a good time, even the Orchestra, as you would have found out, if you had heard what they said during the intermission. Here's hoping that we have another one soon.

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THE FRESHMEN MAKE MERRY

On February the thirteenth, various sorts of noises could be heard emanating from the gym. Shrieks and shouts, and joyous gurgles announced the meeting of the freshman class on its first get-together evening.

It was a mock field day event. All the girls and boys appeared in gym-suits, and the games soon began. Various games were organized, and a keen sense of competition was soon developed. The radio also offered a change of program as some very good dance music was tuned in.

From seven until nine-thirty the freshmen tossed all worry and care overboard and gamboled about like young lambs let out into the field for the first time in the spring. With their quickly stimulated appetites, they then turned to the ample refreshments provided and soon nothing was left but the empty containers.

—S. S.

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